THE FALL and FUNERAL OF NORTHAMPTON, IN AN ELEGY;

Late Publiſhed in *Latin*,
By the Reverend Dr. *S. FORD.*

Since, made Engliſh,
With ſome Variation, and Enlarged.

By *F. A.* M.A.

A ſad Spectator of that Frightful SCENE.

Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fidus
Interpres. ———

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The Honourable and Right Worſhipful

THE

KNIGHTS and GENTLEMEN

COMMISSIONERS and TRUSTEES,

Appointed by

The late ACT of PARLIAMENT

FOR

RE-BUILDING

THE

TOWN

OF

NORTHAMPTON,

This Iliad of our Miſeries (as in a Nut-ſhell) is preſumed to be Dedicated,

As to the more Immediate

Raiſers up of our Foundations,
Repairers of our Breaches, and } upon Record.
Reſtorers of Paths to dwell in,

And in behalf of all Concerned (as ſome poor Acknowledgement of our due Thankfulneſs) Humbly preſented you, by one

(Moſt Honoured Sirs,)
The humbleſt of your Servants,

F. A.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE FALL and FUNERAL OF NORTHAMPTON.

NIne Zodiacks now, and more, the sloaping Sun
About the wheeling Heavens had run,
Since *London*'s fatal Dooms-day, when, by Flame,
As *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* She became.
'Twas the same Month, in which *Astræa* bright,
With equal ballance, weighs out Day, and Night.
The second Dawn, to *London*, sprung her bane;
Northampton's twenty'th Noon, the same:
When a weak lambent Flame, at first began
The Wisp, was grasped in a span:
Spans over all, soon, from the farthest West
To North, and South, and utmost East.
Such was *Elijah*'s hand-breadth Cloud, of yore,
Which spann'd the whole Horizon o're;
That, on a Sun-burnt Earth, refreshing, showrs;
This, flaming Fury on us pours.
Despise not then a Straw; the pooreſt thing
Can swift Destruction on thee bring;
Dust was a Plague to the proud *Pharian* King.
But to return; 'Tis fit the Story be
Transmitted to Posterity.

A Cottage poor there stood, at farthest West
To poor a Covert, and a Nest;
Thatch'd over head, and Thatch'd o'th floor,
With Straw and Litter, to the door;

A Barn, a Stable, or a Hog-ſtye, whether?
Barn, Stable, Hogs-ſtye, all-together.
A Wiſp with Embers, from a Neighbour fetch'd,
Blazing in hand, the Litter catch'd.
The Wind impetuous, at Weſt-Nor-Weſt;
The Door ſtood to the Wind, full breaſt.

'Tis not the Duſt, that doth Affliction bring;
Nor from the Ground doth Trouble ſpring!

Heaven's Bellows blew the Fire, the mounted Flame
To the Houſe-top, confirms the ſame.
Not twenty Engineers, with all their Art,
So ſwift Confuſion could impart!
Hope was, at firſt, reſiſtance might be made,
A cheap, and eaſie conqueſt had:
And, to that end, came marching up, in Bands,
Troops of Auxiliary Hands.
But O! --- The Foe too potent was, and ſtrong,
To be controlled by a throng.
The Wind too, with Auxiliary blaſt
Augments his fury, and his haſte!
As angry Heaven, with fell-raging fire,
Both ſeem'd againſt Us to conſpire;
So, to r'encounter the Vulcanian Might,
Seem'd, againſt Heaven too, to fight.
The Foe in Triumph rides, upon the wings
Of *Zephyrus*, and Lightning flings;
That ſeizes all the neighbouring Thatch, and where
It lights, it quickly levels there:
Each flake of Straw enflam'd, enflames the Skyes,
Flame, gendring Flame, ſtill centuplyes.

Inſatiable Monſter! nothing will
Thy rav'nous, hungry Maw, fulfill!
The more thou gorgeſt, ſtill the more doſt crave;
Thy Belly Hell; thy Throat a Grave!
Thy Potentiality ſo great, ſo fierce,
As to calcine the Univerſe!

Thatch'd

Thatch'd Houſes, to the Flames are now a Sport,
Of Pow'r to ſcale the ſtrongeſt Fort!
The underlings, of Covert all made bare;
The loftier, next, aſſayled are.
Nor Arch, nor Buttreſs, nor Stone-wall can fence
The Structure from its inſolence!
Here, tumbles down a Chimney; there, a Wall;
Then, the whole Fabrick, Roof and all.
The ſpattering Stones, in flakes, about the place,
And Slats, ſpit Wild-fire in the face.
Beams, Tracings, Rafters tumble in, and Floor;
Flames vomiting through every Door.
Each Houſe of Stone a burning Oven, red,
With it's own Furniture is fed.
Who with devouring Fire can longer dwell?
There to abide, would be an Hell!

Confuſion ſuch: the Eye not onely, here
Is fill'd with Horrour, but the Ear!
Noiſe from one quarter, accented with Moans:
Re-Echoes to anothers Groans;
An Howling from a ſecond; from a third
Heart-piercing Cryes, and Shrieks are heard!
All Ears, the ratling Deſolation fills,
As a great Craſhing from the Hills!
The Foe the Field has won; -- No Place for Fight
Is left us now; -- nor yet for Flight.
By Ambuſcade of Fire upon the Ground,
And Ruins, quite Beleaguer'd round.
Some weak Efforts, howe're; Before we'll yield;
He ſhall, by Inches, win the Field.

Help here: -- a Ladder quickly: -- yonders Hook: --
O: -- quickly, quickly: -- Sirs, for God-ſake look:
The Fire has here but new now took.
Some Buckets there: -- What are you Stocks, or Stone! --
Some Water, quickly, -- or the Houſe is gone!
What! -- the Pumps burnt! -- No Water any where! --
Go ſtave the Hogs-heads; -- fetch up Pails of Beer!

Daſh, --

Dash,-- dash;-- O quickly;-- more;-- more yet;-- one here!--
(I charge you stand your Ground) -- another there!
Five Pounds (good fellows) here, as a Reward,
To stand your Centry sure, and keep strict Guard.

One stout Commander, thus, has baffl'd more
Th' insulting Foe, than others, twenty score.

Another cryes: -- Help here! -- another, There! --
Another; -- and another! -- Where, -- O where,
A fifth replyes; -- Sure thou art blind: Another! --
He quickly choak'd, and blinded is with Smother.
One, Hoarse with Bawling; Deaf with t' others Noise,
Has lost his Hearing, with his Voice.
Distracted each, by dissonant Command,
Cannot the other understand.
Babel of old, as in a Scene, you see
Here present, by an Autopsie!
Confusion, Discrepancy, Tumult, Throng,
---- A Kindness to the Foe; to Them a Wrong:
Each thwarting other, in the course they take,
The fury of the Flame to slake.
Retreat they must; -- or Death, or sudden Flight!
'Tis daring, against Heaven to fight.
But ah! -- the hideous Moans, Laments, and Cryes,
From every Ward that do arise! --
Hither and thither; -- to and fro they run,
As Wights distracted; -- clean undone!
Fear to their feet adds wings; -- but whither then
To flee, they know not, -- woful Men!
All Avenues block'd up; -- from fire to fire,
And flame to flame, they must retire.
Whether they stand their ground; or whether flee;
Nor here, nor there, from danger free.
The Women, with Heart-pierting Groans, and Shrieks,
Beating their Breasts; beating their Cheeks!
Children, in their shrill Accents, to their Mother,
Shrieking in Consort, each with other!
And some are so astonish'd with the Blow,
Of this their huge down-bearing Woe,

Tongue-

Tongue-ty'd with Grief; to tell each others Wrong,
Their Eyes uſurp the Office of the Tongue.
They cannot weep, alas! they cannot moan;
Like *Niobe*, are turn'd to ſtone!
Or like *Lot*'s wife, when ſhe beheld the wrack
Of her dear *Sodom*, looking back!

Strange property of Flame! — Stone to calcine;
Fleſh to transform, to Stone and Brine!

Transformed ſo to Statues view them here,
By pale aſtoniſhment, and fear!
Smelling of Fire each one; and ſing'd with heat;
Squalid their Cheeks with duſt and ſweat!
Hair ſtairing; red ſwollen Eyes; with gaſtly Look;
Blaſted by Lightning; Thunder-ſtrook!
Offer at words; then ſtop, and groan, as if
Their Tongues congealed were, and ſtiff!

Unfetter'd yet remain both Feet, and Hands,
From thoſe ſtiff Adamantine Bands:
Self-preſervation, and Inſtinct will ſhew
The Offices, theſe have to do:
Their Hands, to reſcue Luggage, what they might;
Their Feet, to reſcue them, by flight.
All in a hurry, loaded on his Back,
Is each one, ſhifting with his Pack.
No Arms are empty; and no Shoulders light;
Yet feel not of their Load the weight.
What vacant room, in any place, they ſpye,
Thither, in haſt, with Goods they hye;
There lodge them: — Back again; — but then, as faſt,
The rapid Flame prevents their haſt.
Then empty handed, back; to guard the ſame
Few Goods, were raviſh'd from the flame.
Care to ſecure that little, did betray
Their value, to the Thief a Prey.
Goods any where, at random hurl'd, in haſt,
A Reſcue from the Fires waſt;
And Goods deliver'd out to unknown hands,
Of any one, there next that ſtands;

These, too, were ample Spoils to villain Thief,
Pretending kindness, for Relief.
O! -- may such Vultures fret, with gripes within,
Of their own self-revenging sin!
May't prove a Rape, (snatch'd, as from Altar. Bleft)
With glowing Coals, to fire their Nest!
Streets pyl'd with Goods; and straight those Pyles became
Fewel, to their own Fun'ral Flame.

A spacious Church there stood, on middle ground,
With noblest Streets encompass'd round:
This their *Asylum*; hither all do carry
Their choicest things, for sanctuary:
Rich Wares, and richer Books, and Treasure (sure)
Would here, or no where, be secure.
But loe! from Horns o'th' Altar they are snatch'd,
By Sacrilegious Fire attach'd!
Things Sacred, things Profane, are all become,
To th' greedy Flames, an Hecatomb!

O! -- pray not, then, to Saints! -- O! never swerve!
All Saints themselves could not preserve!

This goodly Fabrick, as a thing forelorn,
In penlive widow-hood doth mourn!
Like Sheep dispers'd, and scatter'd here, and there,
Her frequent solemn Meetings are
Frequented, all her yet remaining Towers,
By Screech-Owls hoarse, at mid-night hours!
There leave her still (no help, alas!) we must,
Down-sunk, and bury'd in her dust.

Turn we from hence, and see the neighbouring Pyles,
Flaming about, in Ranks and Files:
If Desolation, thus, Gods House infest,
What better Quarter may be given the rest?
Then (to make short) *Northampton* all, in view,
But one great Bon-fire doth shew.

Now in this general Wrack, 't were strange, if some,
As Pitchers, came not broken home. ----

Home,

Home, did I call't? -- Alas! -- nor Houſe, nor Home,
Nor Harbour ſtanding, where to come!
The Havock ſuch! the very Plot not known,
But yeſterday it ſtood upon!
Yet, Skin for Skin: midſt all their Loſſes, they
Their Lives had given them, for a Prey.
This Mercy, 'midſt of Judgment, granted thee;
Better no Houſe to be in, than not be.
When ſtripp'd of all, whilſt living; whilſt a man;
Th' art ſtill a Coſmopolitan!

Children, ſome few, ſhiftleſs to make Retreat,
Paſs'd through this burning Tophet's Heat.
Bleſt Innocents! by Baptiſm Fire,
Your Guardian Angels meant to mount you higher,
Above this Dung-hill Earth, and Mire!
Your Parents, here below, you ſorrowing ſought;
Got once to Heaven, they'l find you out.
This too, ſhall add ſome Glory to your Name:
Your Fates, together both; and both the ſame:
Yours, and your native Cities Fun'ral Flame!

An after-clap of Ruins then befel,
Renews our Sorrows here to tell!
Vain Man! (you'l ſay:) when, by one ſuddain blaſt,
Of ruſhing Wind, three were in pieces daſht!
Lighter than Wind, and Vanity, O then,
Remember ſtill: -- that we are men.

But, (to return) all elſe with Life retire,
Though moſt, as Brands, ſnatch'd out o'th Fire!
And thus retir'd, though they in ſafety be,
Yet, jealous of their ſafety, flee.

The fearful Hare, thus, having gain'd the ſtart
Of th' eager Hound, in every part,
For ſhelter, to ſome Covert, ſwift doth bear;
No Govert, yet, can ſhelter her from fear.

Such, alſo, is the bleeding Quarries dread,
From Faulcon's gripes when reſcued.

As they, by little, and by little, came
Once to themſelves; and fears grew tame;
Their flight reſtrained ſomewhat; and the rage
Of head-ſtrong Paſſions to aſſwage:
Their Piety directs them now, to mind,
Where they their abſent Friends might find.
How to retrive, and bring again to light,
Thoſe ſad remains of fire and flight,
Diſpers'd, and ſhuffl'd multitudes among,
Each calls on other, in the throng.
Here, here, cryes one; --another, here am I;
yet cannot one another ſpy.
Thoſe, whom their diſtant voices cannot reach,
Ask all, they meet with, each of each.
The Wife: --O, my dear Husband! where is he?
The Husband: --my poor Wife, --where's ſhe?
Dear Mother: --O--where, where are you? --where's my
O;--my ſweet Children! --cryes the Mother! (Brother?

So, when by rav'ning Wolf the ſcatter'd Fold,
All o're the Champain, you behold; --
The bleating Ews their Sucklings; bleating Rams
Rally their Ews, and bleating Lambs,
Till, by alternate bleatings, each to either,
All re-unite, and flock together.

Yet, different here; --for multitudes were fled,
Whether alive (who knows?) or dead?
Of whom, before, no tidings could be heard,
Few, here and there, by chance appear'd.
Thoſe few, are met with, on the ſelf-ſame ground,
Are rather ſtumbl'd on, than found.

For why? to every hoſpitable Farm,
The wandring Exiles thither ſwarm,
No Town, nor Village neer, that night, was free,
From Pilgrims, and heart-melting Sympathy. --
There leave we them, in ſafety full of cares,
And toſſings on their Beds, and fears.

Yet

Yet let's be civil too, before we ſtart,
And pay our ſhot; at leaſt in part:

Kind-hearted Chriſtian, worthy, noble Friends!
We would, but cannot make amends:
Your great obliging Love, and Favours ſuch,
We ne're can value them too much!
To harbour the diſtreſs'd; --to furniſh Bread.
To th' hungry, and half-famiſhed!
To ſend us in Proviſions every way;
Load us with kindneſs, day by day!
Conſult, contrive, aſſiſt, with Head and Hands,
And Heart, and Purſe! --O-- theſe are Bands,
That muſt oblige! --may Heaven and Earth, repend
Like bleſſings on you, --to your end!
Never may Fire invade you; --may it be
Your Servant (always) --not your Enemy!
May peace; and happineſs, and ſafety fall
Thick--thick, upon your Tabernacles all!

Thus taking leave; We'l back again to know
How fare the other amidſt all their wo.

Retir'd; --the labouring Moon does diſappear,
By charms as raviſh'd from her Spheat!
A Sable Veil of Black's about her Head;
In Clouds of Smoak enveloped!
'T might ſeem, as if, amated at the ſight,
Swooning, ſhe dy'd away her Light!
The Light we had, was Flame, to ſee our Way;
And that; a counterfeited Day!
The Coaſt was clear; th' Inhabitants were fled;
But none (you may ſuppoſe) to Bed.
Some in the bordering Fields, Church-yard, or Cloſe,
Back-lanes, or Orchards take repoſe.
Scorching and broyling in hot Fire, but new,
Now wet and ſhivering in cold Dew.
Or elſe, in queſt of Friends, that miſſing were,
Wandering the Coaſts about, in fear.

Diſtreſſed

Diſtreſſed Friends: be not diſmay'd for all
These hard miſ-fortunes you befall!
Chear-up, nor give your black deſpair the ſcope;
So long as Life remains there's hope!
The time will come (though I no Prophet be)
Ere long you better days ſhall ſee:
You have a gracious God, a gracious King:
Mercy from both and bounty ſpring
God and the King your Friends, the Countreys all
Shall ſtand your Friends in general.
O! --pay we then, to both, here, every where,
All due Allegiance, and fear.

Night-ſhades do vaniſh; --new ſprung day is born
From eye-lids of the purple morn.
Who is not now on fire to walk the round,
Of the new deſolated ground?
('Tis a kind of pleaſing horrour to look back,
When landed ſafe upon the Wrack.)

Here you behold a frightful Solitude,
VVhere late the ſacred Temple ſtood.
Thence to the ſpacious Market turn your Eyes;
There the whole ruin'd Checquer lies!
The Drapery next in heaps of Rubbiſh down;
The ſecond Beauty of the Town.
A third, which from th' adjacent Bridge takes name,
Laid level with the ground, by Flame!
St. *Gyles* to Eaſt; --with ſpacious *Abington*,
Streets, hand in hand, lye over-thrown!
Then that, which forward North, along doth roam,
She's her own Sepulcher become!
That next an ancient Colledge, long had grac'd,
VVith Ruins utterly defac'd!
The Gold-Street, by Antiphraſis ſo nam'd,
VVith all her Fellows, was enflam'd!
The Horſe-frequented Market, all deſtroy'd!
The fatal Street, St. *Maries* void:
Fatal to all; there 'twas, the Fire began,
VVhich all the others over-ran.

We'll

We'l name no more, though Ruins more we found,
Many, in walking of the round.

Imagin, now, you ſaw, before your Eye,
A Lyon ſeiſed on his Prey:
No reſcue, till full gorg'd, and glutted, here
Two Legs lye ſcatter'd; there, an Ear.
Such the proportion is, 'twixt what the Fire
Devour'd; and what was left intire!

Thus fell *Northampton*; Darling once to Fame!
A Victim, now, to angry Flame.
Great *London* onely, Tow'ring in the Skyes,
Could her great Ruins equalize!

There yet remains (lov'd City) to reherſe
Thy Epitaph, in mournful Verſe.

Epitaphium.

WAy-faring Traveler, who e're thou be:
Hold on thy wonted Road, and ſee
A Spectacle; which (ſure) thy thoughts will raiſe
To chilling Horrour, and Amaze!
Northampton here, Entomb'd in her own Duſt
And Aſhes lyes: -- thy Emblem juſt:
Thou brave and frolick, ſhortly, in thy Urn,
To Duſt and Aſhes, thus, ſhalt turn.
She, at noon day, in health, and happy plight,
Straight, clouded with a gloomy night!
Lament her Fall; -- with ſobs, and flowing Eyes,
Come celebrate her Obſequies.

Fair *Albion*, Queen Regent of our Strand,
many fair Daughters doth command;
She, one the fair'ſt, and lovely'ſt in the throng
Of Siſter Citys, all this Iſle among.

Where

Where Silver *Avon* doth her Flood combine,
In Wedlock tye, with Cryſtal Nine,
She, in the midſt; --they all, as in a Ring,
About her round encirculing:
Fam'd See of *Peterborough*; *Uppingham*;
Huntington; *Bedford*; *Buckingham*;
With *Warwick*; *Woſter*; *Lichfeild*; *Coventre*;
Leiceſter next; *&c.*
Name them we may not, here, for want of room,
(Compendium, beſt, behts a Tomb.)
Onely, give leave to ſay: -- Theſe, neighbouring all,
With hundreds more, lament her Fall!

Fruitful her Soyl; delightful was her Seat,
---In Hill, and Champain, Mead, and Rivolet;
Healthful her Air, -- three Elements conſpire
In one, to bleſs her; -- all, but Fire:
This works her ſpeedy Ruin; -- and with dread,
Show'rs Flames, and Vengeance on her head!
Ah, mercileſs, dear Element, might ſhe,
Moſt truly, now, complain of thee!
But ah! -- ſhe is not: ſee both here, and there,
Her ſhatter'd Reliques, every where!

Embalm we then, with an officious Verſe,
And pious Tears, her dolorous Herſe!
Combine her Aſhes; recollect her Duſt;
Them to her Urn commit, in Truſt!
Who knows, but ſhe, ere long, a Phœnix, may,
Spring from thoſe Aſhes, bright as day?

Thy Votes, with ours, O -- ſtill and ſtill renew,
Kind Paſſenger; And ſo ---. A dieu.

10 JY 63

The END.